

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the year 1821; with Graphic Illustrations. By George William Manby, Esq. 4to. pp. 143. London, 1822.

Most persons, we doubt not, are aware that the author of 'A Voyage to Greenland' is the same Captain Manby who has been so much before the public and 'done the state some service,' by his method of saving persons from shipwreck; should there, however, be any of Captain Manby's readers, or of our own, ignorant of the circumstance, they will learn it in the first half dozen lines of his work, and at the very commencement of our review. It is also generally known, that Captain Manby's plan of rescuing ship-wrecked mariners is by throwing a rope over the vessel from the shore, which is effected by discharging a ball, to which a rope with a running noose is attached, from a small cannon or mortar. Some improvement on this plan, in substituting a musket for a mortar, has been proposed, with all the parade of a new discovery, by a Mr. Trengrouse, or Tren-goose, lately.

In the introduction, Captain Manby tells us that his views were originally directed to the undertaking which forms the subject of the present volume, by the late Right Hon. George Rose, who, on witnessing some experiments made by the captain to illustrate his method of saving persons from shipwreck, declared his conviction that the principle there employed, in the projection of a rope from a gun, might be extended with much advantage to the whale fishery, for the purpose of throwing a harpoon in a similar manner.

Without, for a moment, calling in question the truth of Captain Manby's assertion, we must say, that if Mr. Rose suggested the killing of whales, by throwing a harpoon from a gun, as a new idea, he shewed himself more ignorant than we ever suspected him.—Our readers will recollect that, about

a month ago*, we showed that the plan was at least fifty years old; that it was tried on an artificial whale, in the river Thames, in 1772, with such success as to prove its practicability, and that it has long been adopted by the Americans; we might, perhaps, go further, and say, that if Capt. Manby was aware of this circumstance, the application of the same means for throwing a rope over a vessel, as he projected, presents little claim to originality, though it neither lessens the utility nor the humanity of the project: it would, in fact, show, that there was as little originality in Captain Manby's life-preserving plan, as in that of Mr. Trengrouse; it is however to be observed, that Captain Manby afterwards mentions the gun-harpoon as having been patronized by the Society of Arts some time ago.

But to return to the volume before us. It appears that Captain Manby, after suffering Mr. Rose's suggestion to slumber, for perhaps a dozen years, was induced to put it into practice by the decay of the whale fishery, which he saw was prejudicial to the town of Yarmouth: he was determined, though at the age of fifty-six, to undertake a voyage to Greenland, for the purpose of seeing the gun-harpoon used in the whale fishery; and, having constructed such apparatus as he thought necessary, sailed with Captain Scoresby, an enterprising and skilful navigator, in the Baffin; but, from the inability to obtain a fair experiment, owing to causes over which Captain Manby had no control, the principal object of his undertaking was deprived of success.

The experiments made during the voyage are detailed in this volume, which is written in the form of a journal, and contains all that the author met with worth recording. The subject of the Greenland fishery has been amply gone into in our review of Captain Scoresby's interesting work, some eighteen months ago; but, as the incidents in every voyage will vary, and as two persons often view the same sub-

ject very differently, we doubt not but we shall find materials enough in Captain Manby's book to amuse our readers for two notices.

The Baffin sailed from Liverpool on the 6th of April, 1821, and the first remarkable circumstance that occurred, and one that proves how careful Captain Manby was to take notes of every important event, was on the 8th, when Captain Scoresby summoned the crew into the cabin and offered up an extempore prayer of considerable length, of which our author gives us a correct copy, which occupies a page and a half of small type.

By the bye, we fear we have made a mistake; we have called our author, captain, as we have always heard him called, and think we have seen R. N. to his name somewhere or other; but to our astonishment we find, that before he had passed the Isle of Man, he fell a prey 'to the long-dreaded and much-expected malady of sea-sickness,' and continued so, with very little intermission, for nearly a fortnight, during which time he scarcely received any nourishment. This account certainly shakes our faith as to his really being a captain; but no matter,—it is a good travelling name, and we shall still give it him.

On the 25th of April,—

'Harpoons were delivered to the harpooners to be cleaned, sharpened, and the foreganger, or rope immediately attached to the harpoon, to be spanned on the socket at the shank of the weapon. I was much amused with this last process, as there were interwoven in the rope, at distances of two or three feet, pieces of riband of various colours. These decorations, I was informed, were the gifts of the men's sweethearts; on some, I observed pieces that had undergone the useful office of garters; this at once elucidated the 'magic spell,' as they were intended to animate the powers of the harpooner, who derives fame, and consequently, the approbation of his lass, in proportion to the number of whales he is able to strike and to capture.'

On the 1st of May, our author witnessed a ceremony usual on board Greenland ships on that day, very similar to that practised on crossing the

* See Literary Chronicle, No. 168.

line; he, however, escaped a lathering of soot and grease, and being shaved with an iron hoop. On the 7th of May, the Baffin arriving at the whale fishery, every thing was prepared, and Captain Manby addressed the harpooner, Richard Simpkin, on the glory he might acquire by using his (the captain's) gun-harpoon. Our author now began to meet with some of 'the wonders of the deep.' Our readers probably recollect what prettily-formed icebergs were given in Captain Ross's work; these were nothing to what our author met with, for he saw mountains of ice 'representing human busts, towers, slender spires, and massy pyramids.' One hummock of ice resembled a ruined temple; another was like a bear, a white bear of course, as there are no others in these regions, and, therefore, a black bear, even in ice, would have been considered as not natural. This hummock, we can assure our readers, is very like a bear; the captain has given us a drawing of it; it is squatted on its hind legs; its head, snout, and fore-legs are quite natural, and the eye, (it is not all my eye,) just in the very place where it ought to be; other pieces of ice represented vases, which, for classical structure, might have done credit to the taste of the artist. These, however, were curiosities on a small scale, for our voyager afterwards encountered a very heavy ice, 'which was singularly attractive, by the extraordinary variety of forms that it exhibited, not unworthy the attention of those fond of architectural studies; having spaces hollowed out, as if formed for the passage of currents, or as if designed, as in the bridges supported on columns, with regular capitals, most perfectly and beautifully formed. It was of the following dimensions:—pillars above the surface, six feet long; capitals, one foot; the superincumbent mass from eighteen to twenty feet, and upwards of one hundred feet in width.'

Of some of the hardships of a Greenland voyage, and the skill in navigation necessary, the following extracts may give some idea:—

'May 8. The wind was now blowing a strong breeze; and the working of the ship to clear the large floating incumbrances, with which the bay was studded, was a piece of sailing, that excelled any thing of the kind I had ever before witnessed. At the main topgallant-mast head, the most elevated situation in the ship, a screen of a cylindrical form, termed "*a crow's nest*," was fixed, to afford shelter from the severity of the weather, where, by the com-

mand of an extensive view, openings in the ice might be observed, dangers avoided, whales discovered, and movements made in order to enable the ship to attain its destined object. Here our captain took his station in all difficult and arduous situations. At twelve o'clock, having made arrangements for entering the ice, he surveyed the surrounding scene, to discover the most practicable part, which he found to consist of a small neck of ice, about thirty yards in breadth, that separated the ocean from some favourable ice. Having made his decision, he directed the ship to be run within twice or thrice its length of the spot; then promptly ordered the yards a-back, that it might lose all velocity on touching the ice, to break the concussion: again, at the instant of contact, the sails were all filled, and the frozen barrier, no sooner summoned, than its icy gates were forced by the Baffin's prowess. In this manner we entered the ice; and human imagination, to those who had not before witnessed such a scene, cannot conceive any so grand. We now passed into what is professionally called "*open sailing ice*." The colour of the water being very favourable for fishing, a good look-out was kept, and all were in readiness. We had not proceeded far, before the pieces of ice, which were floating, increased in number and in size; and, being of considerable extent and dangerous to pass, every person was at his post, standing by the braces to obey instant command.'

'May 10. After breakfast, we made sail to windward, through an immense tract, studded with pieces of heavy hummocky ice, bearing a variety of grotesque forms; one, in particular, resembling an immense bear, at least twenty feet high, was uncommonly curious; as we passed, it appeared to be sculptured from the finest statuary marble, and beautifully polished by the action of the waves. The sun was shining with its richest splendour, and so great was its influence in dazzling the eyes, that Captain Scoresby was obliged to leave the crow's nest, to get a pair of green spectacles. The variety of tints displayed on these mountains of ice, from the brightness of the sun on objects so constantly changing their form, would exceed the power of an artist to represent, or of the most fertile imagination to conceive.'

'To an admirer of the art of sailing, nothing could afford a higher treat than was exhibited this day, in passing through a sea covered with pieces of ice, under a pressure of sail, closely hauled, and going at the rate of eight miles an hour. In one direction, was a stream composed of pieces of ice, closely joined; in another pieces near each other, through which the ship could only make its way by continual tacking, while immense hummocks threatened our destruction, if we did not respect their consequence by giving way to them. Through these we passed without the slightest accident. It was a most gratifying sight, proving great tractability in the ship, prompt and decisive judgment

in the commander, and obedience in the crew; it displayed the perfection of nautical excellence, and convinced me, that the best school to attain practical seamanship, is a Greenland voyage.'

Our author now gives us a description of the Greenland whale, with some anecdotes of the fishery from Capt. Scoresby; these are followed by a brief notice of the whale fishery, which we quote. Our author says:—

'In inquiring into the origin of the British whale trade, it is observable that it was late before our nation engaged in the fishery; for it appears that, in the year 1575, we were totally ignorant of the trade, being obliged to send to "Biskaie for men skilful in the catching of the whale and ordering of the oil, and one cooper skilful to set up the staved cask." This seems very strange; as, in the account given by Octher to King Alfred of his travels, near seven hundred years before that period, he made that monarch acquainted with the Norwegian practice of the whale-fishery; but it seems, that all memory of that advantageous branch of commerce, as well as of Octher and of all his important discoveries in the north, was lost for nearly seven centuries. The trade was carried on by the Biscayans, long before it was attempted by the English; and that, for the sake not only of the oil, but also of the whale-bone, in which they seem long to have dealt. The earliest notice we find of that article in our own trade, is by Hackluyt, who says, "it was brought from the Bay of St. Lawrence by an English ship that went there for barbes and fynnes of whales and train oil, A. D. 1594, and who found there seven hundred or eight hundred whalefynnes, part of the cargo of two great Biskaine ships, that had been wrecked there three years before." Previously to that time, ladies' stays must have been made of split cane, or some tough wood, as Mr. Anderson observes in his *Dictionary of Commerce*; it being certain that the whale-fishery was pursued for the sake of the oil, long before the use of whale-bone was ascertained. The great resort of these animals was found to be on the inhospitable shores of Spitzbergen; the European ships therefore made that their principal place of fishery, and for a number of years were very successful: the English commenced the business in 1598, and the town of Hull had the honour of first attempting so profitable a branch of trade. At present it seems to be on the decline, the quantity of fish being greatly reduced by the constant capture during such a vast length of time: some recent accounts inform us, that the fishers, from a defect of whales, apply themselves to the seal-fishery, from which animals they extract an oil. This it is to be feared will not be of very long continuance; for these shy and timid creatures will soon be induced to quit these shores, by being perpetually harassed; as, indeed, the walrus has in a

great measure already done. We are also told, that the poor natives of Greenland begin even now to suffer from the diminished number of seals in their seas, these fish being their principal subsistence; so that, should they totally desert the coast, the whole nation would be in danger of perishing through want. In ancient times, the whale seems never to have been taken on our coasts, but when it was accidentally thrown ashore by some violent storm or tempest: it was then deemed a royal fish, and, according to legendary history, the king and queen divided the spoil; the king asserting his right to the head, and her majesty to the tail.'

A description of the seal follows, in which our author introduces the following melancholy narrative of an event that occurred in the year 1774, and which is recorded by a pilot who was an eye-witness of the fact:—

'Fifty-four ships, chiefly Hamburgers, were that year fitted out from foreign ports, for the seal fishing alone: most of these, with several English ships, had, in the spring of the year, met together on the borders of the ice, about sixty miles to the eastward of the island, Jan Mayne. On the twenty-ninth of March, the weather being moderate, the whole fleet penetrated within some streams of ice, and sent out their boats in search of seals. While they were thus engaged, a dreadful storm suddenly arose; so sudden and furious, indeed, was its commencement, and so tremendous and lasting its continuance, that almost all the people that were at a distance from their ships perished. A ship, named the Duke of York, had two boats out at this time; the crews of which having, by the utmost exertion, rowed up to the ship, held fast by the rudder-rings, being unable to make their way alongside; here they remained for some time, but, at length, the force of the waves becoming too great for their benumbed grasp, they lost their hold, and drove astern. The chief mate of the ship, a noble and resolute tar, seeing that his shipmates, if not immediately succoured, would perish, determined to rescue them at the hazard of his own life. Having manned a boat with six stout seamen, besides himself, he proceeded to their assistance. On reaching them, he exchanged four of his vigorous crew for two of his fainting ship-mates in each boat; thus reinforced, the three boats, by the powerful exertions of their crews, were brought to the stern of the ship. Beyond this point the increase of the waves, and the rapid drift of the ship, prevented their advancing, while their companions on board were unable to assist them, all their attention being requisite for their own preservation; as the ship lay almost on her beam ends. In this critical situation they had not remained many minutes, when a wave struck the boats, filled and overwhelmed them, and the whole of the crews,

nineteen in number, perished. But this catastrophe, melancholy as it was, formed only a small proportion of the disasters of the storm.

'While the different ships were endeavouring to make their way clear of the ice, the ship, Pennant, was struck by so dreadful a surge, that it foundered, and all the crew perished; the same wave struck the ships Perseverance and Rockingham, by which one of the quarter-boats of the latter was thrown upon the deck, and the bulwark, fore and aft, was washed away; five boats and five men were washed from the sides and deck of the former, while, at the same time, such damage was occasioned to the hull of the ship, that it was under the necessity of returning home to refit. A Dutch snow, on board of which the crews of six English boats had taken refuge, falling to leeward, against a point of ice, was wrecked, and all on board perished. It was estimated that, during this dreadful gale, about four hundred foreign seamen and nearly two hundred British, were drowned, and four or five ships totally lost; scarcely any escaped without damage.'

From the following account of the capture of a whale, it will be seen that our author shared in all the dangers of this voyage. A whale which had been struck, had been seen to blow at a great distance:—

'Six boats were immediately sent off, but, as they were not able to overtake it, the signal of recall was made, and five of them returned. On the arrival of the first, I went into it with my gun, for the purpose of shooting a remarkable snow-bird with a black head, which came near the ship: this with two others I shot, and they fell upon a piece of ice: but as we were rowing round it, in search of a convenient spot to ascend, the ship again became in a state of uproar, and the shout of "a fall!" was vociferated by all on board. The chase of the birds was consequently abandoned for a nobler pursuit, and our boat, with the other four, was rowed to the one attached to the fish, which was upwards of two miles distant, and which, besides its jack flying, had two oars elevated as signals that early assistance was required; not long after a third oar was raised to evince that the demand for aid was pressing. Never was a boat race better contested, and never was greater exertion made by men to reach the goal. On our passage, the straight line of direction was interrupted by several large flat pieces of ice, some of them bearing hummocks mountain high. At length, when within a quarter of a mile, was presented to our view this "great Leviathan of old," incessantly rising to blow, and at times rearing itself in the air, in all the attitudes characteristic of rage, displaying to man that, were it sensible of its power and strength, the destruction of those who dared to approach it could not fail to be inevitable. At one instant, its immense head was

greatly elevated, and a cloud of fume issued from its organs of respiration; it then raised its mountain-back, bristling with the goading harpoon, which it endeavoured to displace by various contortions of its body; finally, throwing itself into a perpendicular posture, with its head downward, and its monstrous tail lifted to a surprising height, it made the lobes crack by the effort with which they were whirled in every direction, and dashed them upon the surface with a violence, that could not have failed to annihilate whatever had opposed its force.

'On receiving a harpoon from a boat near us, the whale descended perpendicularly with prodigious velocity; but, on its returning to the surface, we could distinguish, at a great depth, that it was coming in a direction towards the spot we had taken. Our undaunted harpooner thus cheered the crew, "give way, my lads, to pull upon her back; never mind yourselves." I was placed at the stern of the boat, which was very narrow, and was standing upon some loose ropes. The whale arose with all the grandeur imaginable, making a column of water appear to boil around it, by its great bulk and rapidity of ascent, at a boat's length from us. On raising its monstrous head, and ejecting a loud and powerful blast, I fired a charge of small shot into it, as the only means in my power to contribute towards securing the prize. At the same time, the harpooner plunged his weapon up to the socket in its back, which caused the fish to make a most convulsive exertion to disengage itself, driving the boat with such extraordinary force against a piece of flat ice, that it was astonishing it was not dashed to pieces. From the insecure situation in which I was standing, having scarcely taken the gun from my shoulder, I was thrown by the effect of the concussion over the boat-steerer's oar, and fell upon the ice, but this fortunately being covered with snow, I received no injury. Instantly recovering myself, I attempted to regain the boat, but the fish had drawn it out of reach, so that I was left to make my observations, the whale being within a few yards of me. The agony the poor animal now appeared to be suffering would, on any other occasion have excited sentiments of unmixed compassion; in the present instance the spectacle was rendered awfully grand by the astonishing exertions made by the fish with its fins and tail, to destroy its assailants. The other boats having come up, the crews actively applied lances to reach the vitals of the fish, and I imagine they speedily effected their object; for, in discharging the air from the blow-holes, it gave early indication of exhaustion, by a mixture of blood with the breath. The bustle of the combat—the confusion of voices—the struggle of departing life tinging the air with red—the surrounding sea turned to an ocean of blood—and, at the moment when the last breath was observed to escape, three

hearty cheers from the crews of the boats, to welcome the event,—all together presented a picture beyond the power of description. As soon as the bustle was over, a boat came for me, and the fish being secured by the tail, and the fins tied across the belly, it was, by the united efforts of every boat, rowed to the ship; this was a most cheerful part of the business, being accompanied with a merry song by all the men: on reaching the ship, the fish was placed along-side for the operation of flincing.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Genuine Remains of Samuel Butler. With Notes, by Robert Thyer. A New Edition, corrected and enlarged, in two vols. 8vo. Part I. London, 1822.

THYER's edition of the 'Remains' of the imitable author of Hudibras, has long been so scarce, that we wonder they were not reprinted many years ago; and they are so curious and interesting, that it would not surprise us, when fully known, if a new edition were called for every two or three years. For this elegant reprint we are indebted to the public-spirited publishers, who have lately given to the world new editions of 'Warwick's Spare Minutes,' 'Jenyn's Disquisitions,' and other classical English works.

Of the genuineness of the 'Remains' published by Thyer, there is no doubt; the manuscripts were in the hand-writing of Butler, and at his death fell into the hands of his good friend, Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple, who, as Butler's historian relates, was at the charge of burying him; for the genius of Butler, transcendent as it was, did not shield him from what is too often its concomitant—poverty. In North's Life of Lord Keeper Guildford, allusion is made to this circumstance, as well as to the MSS. of Butler. Lord Guildford's biographer says, 'Mr. Longueville was the last patron and friend that poor old Butler, the author of Hudibras, had, and in his old age he supported him; otherwise he might have been literally starved. All that Butler could do to recompense him was, to make him his heir,—that is, give him his 'Remains,' but in loose papers, and indigested.'

The new edition, of which the first of four parts has just appeared, contains the whole of the 'Remains' published by Thyer, collated with the original manuscripts; with additional notes and illustrations, and, we believe, several original pieces never before published.

Of the genius and talents of Butler

it can scarcely be necessary now to speak; he was the Hogarth of poetry, and was as successful in describing men and manners with his pen, as our graphic satirist was with his pencil; and both in their respective lines have never been equalled. Hudibras, though written for a particular period, and treating of particular individuals and events, is read and admired as if the circumstances and personages were those of our own day. Butler's 'Remains,' it is true, are many of them fragments, and would, probably, have received more finished touches before the author would have ushered them forth to the world; but, like the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Rubens, a Raphael, or a Buonarotti, they display the marks of superior genius; and are valuable, like the maimed and defective, though elegant remains, of a Grecian or Roman statuary; but many of these relics of Butler's genius possess a completeness in them, which induces the opinion that little or nothing was left for the author; and that his fastidiousness, his modesty, or, perhaps, even his poverty alone, prevented him from publishing them in his lifetime.

The first part of the present edition contains 'The Elephant in the Moon,' and a number of miscellaneous pieces; we select one, the 'Satire upon Plagiaries,' which is a convenient length for quoting:—

SATIRE UPON PLAGIARIES*.

Why should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?
As if, because they huff and swell,
Like pilferers full of what they steal,
Others might equal pow'r assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands;

* It is not improbable but that Butler, in this satire, or sneering apology for the plagiary, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, whom he has directly attacked in a preceding poem.—The charge of plagiarism in borrowing the *Sophy*, and buying the *Cowper's Hill*, coincides with, and confirms this supposition; and I am the rather inclined to think so by many satirical flings of the same nature against this gentleman, which I found in our poet's poetical common-place.

Butler was not pleased with the two first lines of this composition, as appears by his altering them in the margin, thus:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

And indeed the alteration is much for the better; but as it would not connect grammatically with what follows, I did not think proper to adopt it.—[THYER.]

And in effigie hang and draw
The poor delinquents by Club-Law;
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may be assum'd and own'd and earn'd;
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By b'ing transplanted and remov'd:
And, as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more t'account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont;
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattel, goods, nor tenement;
Nor was it ever pass'd b'ential,
Nor settled upon heirs male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall t'a second hand:
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
Than sun-shine, or the air inclos'd;
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than th' uncontrol'd and scatter'd wind.
For why should that which nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;
Is perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd,
Be scanted of that lib'ral use,
Which all mankind is free to choose,
And idly hoarded, where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supply'd by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth;
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what th' have freely coming in.

The world's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father never writ,
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well, as if the one
And th' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own, and challenge, and adopt,
At least th' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure, or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred.

As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays,
And, though they call that tax a loan,
Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own;
So, he that's able to impose
A wit-exercise on verse or prose;
And, still the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater share,
Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals, that supply him;
Can judge more justly of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes;
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to chuse, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly upon
The sense of others, than their own;
And wit, that's made of wit and slight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt, that's made of salts more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature,
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil's said of old,
From dung to have extracted gold;
(As many a lout and silly clown,
By his instructions, since has done)

And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery oats and beans ;
When from his carts and country farms
He rose a mighty man at arms ;
To whom th' heroes ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhimes.

*Twas counted learning once and wit *
To void but what some author writ ;
And what men understood by rote
By as implicit sense to quote.
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark ;
And understood as much of things,
As th' ablest blackbird what it sings ;
And yet was honour'd and renow'd,
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those, who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as compleat repute
As those, who, with less art and pains,
Can do it with their native brains.
And make the home spun business fit
As freely with their mother wit ?
Since what by nature was deny'd
By art and industry's supply'd,
Both which are more our own, and brave
Than all the arms that nature gave.
For what w' acquire by pains and art
Is only due t' our own desert ;
While all th' endowments she confers,
Are not so much our own, as hers,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not t' our virtue, but our shares ;
And all we can pretend to merit,
We do not purchase, but inherit.

Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That th' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own ;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves art to polish and review ;
And that a wit at second hand
Has greatest int'rest and command :
For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than t'invent, and drudge.

Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies ;
Disdains t' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to b' in the fit :
(Like prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophecy agen)

* * Our Author here lashes the vanity of those writers, who affected to lard their works with a variety of learned quotations, and prefaced their books with a pompous *Syllabus authorum*. He has explained his meaning by a few lines scribbled in the margin, which, though not correct enough to be admitted into the text, may yet be allowed as a sort of comment.

*When no man writ so small a book,
But nam'd where this or that he took ;
Run through the alphabet of names,
From whom he made his chiefest claims ;
And wheresoever he begun,
He ended still with Zenophon.*

Ending with Zenophon alludes to their alphabetical catalogues of authors, which must of course end with Z.—(THYER.)

Makes all her suitors course and wait
Like a proud minister of state,
And when she's serious in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly, lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure ;
When 'tis more easy to steal wit,
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting sports, of those that write ;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting sport.

Hence 'tis, that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unverst ;
And open'd with a stock as poor,
As a healthy beggar with one sore ;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse ;
And at the best could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit ;
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin ;
Yet, after long and sturdy 'ndeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,
With gath'ring rags and scraps of wit,
As paper's made, on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd ;
And arm'd with confidence incurr'd
The fool's good luck to be preferred.

For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums he only owes,
Than he, who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own :
So whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

◆◆◆

Museum Asianum ; or, Select Antiquities, Curiosities, Beauties, and Varieties of Nature and Art in the Eastern World : compiled from Eminent Authorities, methodically Arranged, interspersed with Original Hints ; Observations, &c. By Charles Hulbert. Author of the 'African Traveller,' 'Literary Beauties,' &c. 12mo. pp. 396. Shrewsbury and London, 1822.

THERE are, we believe, persons who think contemptibly of every literary work produced in the country ; persons who, like the Jews of old, will say 'what good can come out of Nazareth ;' and who will deem every thing unworthy of notice that is not 'town-made' ; such persons may, perhaps, startle at finding that the 'Museum Asianum' has been printed at Shrewsbury, and will calculate on a dull book, printed very clumsily, on coarse paper, and with many other imperfections. To such persons Mr. Hulbert may say, 'strike but hear me ;' and when his neat little volume has, on account of its external appearance, engaged the attention of a reader, he may boldly and confidently invite him to a calm and dispassionate examination of its contents, without the slightest fear of his laying it down unsatisfied or disappointed.

Mr. Hulbert is an enthusiastic admi-

rer of nature, and an adorer of nature's God ; and this feeling pervades every page of his work. He does not confine himself to merely detailing the wonders of nature and art, but accompanies every part of his narrative and descriptions with such moral reflections as they may suggest, thus making them 'point a moral' as well as 'adorn a tale.' His volume contains two hundred different articles of descriptions and interesting facts, in Asiatic history, geography, biography, religion, natural history, mechanical science, &c. including, also, many pleasing narratives, interesting and amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the principal rarities, beauties, and peculiarities of the eastern world. These are not, however, mere transcripts from former works ; but the general information, collected from the best authorities, is condensed into one more perfect and complete narrative. In all cases, where there is a full and complete description, without newly compiling it, the authorities quoted are acknowledged.

Mr. Hulbert divides his work into four parts. The first consists of Asiatic Antiquities, and includes, among others, descriptions of the ruins of Jerusalem, Nazareth, Tyre, Palmyra, Aleppo, Troy, Ephesus, Babylon ; with accounts of Ispahan, China, Calcutta, Batavia, &c. Asiatic Curiosities form the next part, and include the most remarkable mountains, volcanoes, caverns, grottoes, rivers, lakes, cataracts, extraordinaries in the animal and vegetable kingdom, fossil remains, and a well-written essay on these indications of a former world. The third part, Asiatic Beauties, is devoted to sublime views and prospects, splendid palaces, temples, buildings, bridges, &c. The fourth and last part, Asiatic Varieties, gives a view of the prevailing religions and peculiar customs of Asia ; an account of the most remarkable events, memoirs of men of genius and enterprise, with such articles of curious interest as are peculiar to this quarter of the globe.

And now, having presented our readers with so full a bill of fare, we feel somewhat at a loss what dish or dishes we shall present for their approval ; but, since we have not at present any means of consulting their taste, we must make our choice. This we shall do rather in reference to the substantial part of the banquet, than to its delicacies, of which, however, it presents abundant variety. Now to our extracts, which shall be but few :—

New South Wales.—The circumstance of the town of Sydney in New South Wales, being considered as the capital of a fifth division or portion of the habitable globe, by modern geographers, denominated Australasia, will impress upon it the stamp of present and future distinction. America herself, with all her wonders, can produce but few instances of cities or towns rising to as great eminence and importance within the same period of time. True it is that a considerable portion of the inhabitants of the town of Sydney in New South Wales, have not, *very willingly*, contributed to increase the population of the place; still, within the last 20 years, the number of voluntary settlers has been very considerable indeed, and, from the salubrity of the air, and general fertility of the soil of New Holland, immense accessions may be fairly calculated upon.

The town of Sydney is the capital of the largest island on the face of the globe, and at the same time it may be considered as the capital of all the islands in the South Pacific Ocean—what British enterprise and British missionaries may hereafter effect in this distant part of the globe, is a matter of grave and momentous speculation, and cannot fail to swell the contemplative mind with hope and admiration.'

We have already alluded to Mr. Hulbert's geological remarks, and we now give them a place:—

Notwithstanding the recently rapid progress of geological science, some degree of confusion or obscurity appears in every system relating to the formation of the earth, with which the editor is acquainted. If the account of the creation of the world, as related by Moses in the book of Genesis be interpreted or understood, as meaning, that an actual creation out of nothing, took place at the period his history commences, insurmountable difficulties seem to present themselves. If we abandon the relation as absurd or untrue, we are left entirely to the wildness of the imagination, like a mariner without a compass in the midst of a trackless ocean, to be tossed about with every wind of doctrine. It is not the editor's intention to enter into a long dissertation on a subject which has bewildered and perplexed many of the wisest and best of men, yet he cannot deny himself the liberty of expressing his own opinion, and which, whether true or false, is open to the discussion of his readers, or any who may deem his sentiments deserving attention.

To produce a system, at the same time agreeable to reason, revelation, and geological science, and which shall satisfactorily account for the existence of numerous fossil remains, discovered in every quarter of the globe, has been attempted by various writers; each of whom are entitled to a due portion of commendation, however varying their opinions or unsuccessful their efforts. Such system, if not yet produced, will no doubt be hereafter discovered.

Linnæus supposes, that at the beginning all the earth was covered with the sea, one island only excepted, which was of sufficient dimensions to contain every species of animals and vegetables. This principle he endeavours to establish by several phenomena, which make it probable that the earth has been, and still is gaining upon the sea: here he does not forget to mention fossil shells and plants every where found, which he says cannot be accounted for by the deluge. He then undertakes to show how all vegetables and animals might, in this island, have a soil and climate proper for each, only by supposing it to be placed under the equator and crowned with a very high mountain.

That there was only one pair of all living things created at the beginning. According to the account of Moses, says the author, we are sure that this was the case in the human species; and, by the same writer, we are informed that this first pair was placed in Eden, and that Adam gave names to all the animals. In order, therefore, that Adam might be enabled to do this, it was necessary that all the species of animals should be in Paradise; which could not happen unless all the species of vegetables had been there likewise. He then proceeds to show, how, from one plant of each species, the immense number of individuals, now existing, might arise.

Cuvier, that giant in geological science, says, "I am of opinion with M. Deluc and M. Dolomieu, that if there is any circumstance thoroughly established in geology, it is, that the crust of our globe has been subjected to a great and sudden revolution, the epoch of which cannot be dated much farther back than five or 6000 years; that this revolution had buried all the countries which were before inhabited by men, and by the other animals that are now best known;—that the same revolution had laid dry the bed of the *last* ocean, which now forms all the countries at present inhabited;—that the small number of individuals of men and animals, that escaped from the effect of that great revolution, have since propagated and spread over the lands then newly laid dry; and that the countries, which are now inhabited, and which were laid dry by this *last* revolution, had been formerly inhabited at a more *remote era*, if not by man, at least by land animals."

The opinions of eminent men, such as those we have just quoted, are certainly entitled to every attention and respect. The sentiments of Cuvier very nearly express those of the editor, in as much as he intimates, that a great and sudden revolution must have taken place within these 6000 years, but that other revolutions might have preceded it; and that the earth at a more *remote era* was inhabited. The opinion of Mr. Macnab, that the world was created in six *aions*, or ages, has many admirers.

The inspired writer of the Book of Ge-

nesis informs us that the earth was without form and void; that the spirit of God moved on the face of the waters, &c. which seems to indicate, that the earth was in a state of *chaotic liquidity*. That is, the entire surface of the earth was in a state of total disruption, and without order, at which time there is room for conjecture, that the dead bodies of animals, remains of vegetables, &c. mixed with the water, were in a state of constant agitation, occasioned by the rotary motion of the earth, and conveyed from one part of the globe to another. Hence, when the divine power was exerted in the *renovation*, or, as Moses relates it, in the *creation*, he separated the various substances, as rocks, stones, minerals, fossils, &c. remains and fragments of a former world, from the waters, and formed them into continents, islands, mountains, &c.; hence originated oceans, rivers, lakes, &c. By the agency of some power with which we may not now be acquainted, the Almighty Being, within the time mentioned by the sacred historian, could give hardness and density to rocks, &c. with as much ease as, by the operation of extreme cold, he gives hardness to water and other liquids. With all due deference and becoming humility, these opinions are submitted to the reader. At the same time, the editor is not aware of any particular difficulty in reconciling the Mosaic account of the creation, deluge, &c. with the idea of the globe having passed through various changes since its original formation by the great first cause. In no other way does it appear to him possible to account for the extraordinary phenomena of sea shells being found on Perdue, more than ten thousand feet above the waters of the ocean. The ruins of Agargentum, we know, stand upon a mountain of sea-shell as hard as marble, and a stratum of bones has been found in Istria and Ossaro, under rocks of marble, forty feet in thickness. In Egypt, Italy, and Scotland, sea-shells have been found comparatively indurated in quarries of marble. In Saxony, elephant's teeth have been found in quarries of the same description—suppose these to have been imbedded when the surface of the earth was in a liquid state, at the period when the divine spirit moved on the face of the waters, and many of the difficulties will seem to disappear.

It is in this clear and unassuming manner that Mr. Hulbert always expresses himself, showing that he is only anxious to elicit truth, and not ambitious of establishing new doctrines.

Should this work meet with the success to which its merit entitles it, Mr. Hulbert will follow it with similar volumes on the other quarters of the globe; and if he does them with the same care as the one now before us, they will form a highly curious and interesting work.

An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution, including some Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature in Spain. By Edward Blaquier, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 546.)

AFTER devoting more than one half of the volume to an historical review of the revolution, Mr. Blaquier turns to the religion, literature, manners, and customs of the Spanish people. Of the first of these subjects he gives an able but somewhat elaborate view, tracing the blood-stained history of the Inquisition from its origin, to its abolition in 1812. This subject has been more than once noticed in our journal, so that we shall not dwell much on it at present. In 1663, a grand auto-de-fé took place at Madrid, for the purpose of gratifying Philip IV.:—

The ministers of religion, monks, and their attendants, within many leagues of Madrid, being summoned, a solemn procession took place on the 30th May, for the purpose of proclaiming the approaching ceremony, calling on the faithful to attend, and promising those indulgences which the sovereign pontiffs had ordained in their various decrees. The following is a literal translation of the proclamation, which was repeated eight times, in different parts of the city, and before the royal family, who were seated in a balcony of the alcazar, or palace, as the procession passed:—“Be it known to all the inhabitants of Madrid, and those of the neighbouring districts, that the Holy Office of the kingdom of Toledo, will celebrate a public auto-de-Fe in the Great Square of this city, on the 30th June, when all the graces and indulgences granted by the sovereign pontiffs, will be conceded to those who accompany and assist at the said auto; which is thus proclaimed, that it may come to the knowledge of all the faithful.”

While several thousand workmen were employed under the direction of an architect especially appointed to prepare the amphitheatre, a company of soldiers of the faith were organized, and nearly all the grandes solicited permission to act as *familars*,—a privilege allowed only to the purest blood in Spain. “Many of the highest nobility,” says our author, “immortalized their names by this memorable act of piety; and, in order that future generations may enjoy the consolation of seeing our age ennobled, that the present may admire what those who come after will, without doubt, imitate; as also that the ministers of the holy tribunal may enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the estimation in which its rank and dignity are held by the most illustrious names in the universe, the names of those who asked the favour of being allowed to act as *familars*, and assumed the habit of the Holy Inquisition, on this occasion, are inserted.” Of the eighty-five names which follow, a

fourth were grandes of the first class, forty counts and marquesses, and the remainder either their immediate heirs or nearest relatives.

The procession of the green and white crosses took place on the 29th June, when all those destined to take an active part in the ceremony of the following day attended; and, amongst others, the Duke of Medinaceli, bearing the standard of Faith.

Passing before the palace, to the sound of instruments, and chaunting the *Miserere*, the procession moved on to the Brasero, or place of execution, where one of the symbols of Christianity was planted and consecrated on a pedestal prepared for its reception. As to the standard and green cross, they were destined to ornament the arena of the amphitheatre, to which the procession went, after quitting the Brasero.

The procession of the criminals followed that of the crosses and standard: they were conducted to the amphitheatre, to have their respective sentences read; this part of the rehearsal, for so it may be called, is compared by the author to that which will be seen in the “tremendous day of the universal judgment; because, if the ignominy of the guilty creates horror there, the glory of the just and sovereign majesty of Christ and his Apostles, who, following the standard and cross, assisted by choirs of angels, will bend their way to the Valley of Jehosaphat, where the Supreme Judge will occupy his throne,” &c.

Although the preparations commenced as early as three in the morning of the 30th, the victims, living and dead, were not led forth before seven o’clock; at which hour the procession commenced. Of the number who graced this horrible triumph, twenty-one were condemned to the flames, and thirty-four to be burnt in effigy.—There were eleven penitents who had abjured the Jewish faith, and fifty-four reconciled Israelites, wearing sanbenitos and carrying wax tapers. Judging from the author’s description, the procession must have been at once one of the most magnificent and terrific ever witnessed in Spain. Though attended by upwards of two hundred thousand spectators, not a sound was heard to break the awful silence, as it passed along; nothing could exceed the order and regularity preserved throughout: these are subjects of panegyric with the author, but his chief admiration is reserved for the Inquisitor-General, Don Diego Sarmiento de Talladares. “There was much to admire,” says Don Jose, “in each individual of this marvellous assemblage; but the majesty with which the Inquisitor-General upheld the dignity of his office, was so transcendent, that he appeared to have exceeded himself! As the cause was so much of God, it pleased him to grant greater light to his minister; because, when he predestines men for high employment, he prepares them with the knowledge necessary for their intended

occupations.”

That part of the amphitheatre appropriated to the royal family and the court, was resplendent with gold and silver ornaments, displayed on damask, silk, and velvet draperies of all hues; after having exhausted his power of description, in detailing the other portions of the edifice, Don Jose del Olmo concludes by observing, that it might justly be regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

Those parts of the theatre thrown open for the public, were crowded to excess, and the King, attended by the whole of his family and court, had taken their seats some time before the procession had arrived. When high mass was over, the Inquisitor-General proceeded to the royal balcony, and administered the usual oath; after which it was taken by the municipality.

A sermon was then preached by the king’s chaplain, which being ended—

A secretary began to read the sentences of those condemned to the flames: this ceremony occupied the attention of the auditory till four o’clock, when the victims were conducted to the Brasero, under an escort, and accompanied by the Corregidor and Alcaldes, appointed to see the sentences put into execution. Don Fernandez Alvarez Valdes, an officer high in the sacred tribunal, followed, to bear testimony to the event. When those victims, who are described in another account as pale, languid, and woe-begone, the very emblems of despair, had been led off, the secretaries proceeded with the trials and sentences of those convicted of superstition, sorcery, bigamy, and as impostors and hypocrites. It was nine o’clock before the prisoners were assembled round the Grand Inquisitor, to go through the different forms of abjuration. The Articles of Faith were then put to each penitent, who was required to give his answer in an audible voice.

Giving absolution, saying mass, and chaunting *Te Deum*, took up another hour; after which, the royal family withdrew, and thus ended the ceremony of the 30th June, 1680.

The process of strangling and burning continued all night: as to those who were condemned to be flogged and publicly degraded, their punishment was reserved for the following day. Nearly a third of the whole number, whether destined to be burned, flogged, or degraded, were women. When the executions had terminated, another grand procession was performed, for the purpose of restoring the crosses and standard to the cathedral.

The persecuting spirit of the ‘holy office,’ as the most diabolical tribunal that demon or man ever invented, was called, was not confined to native Spaniards, but more than one Englishman has suffered by its autos-de-fé and tortures. What those tortures were, we will not stop to inquire; it is sufficient to say, that the ingenuity of the priest-

hood was continually exercised in order to devise new means of augmenting human suffering. We turn from the contemplation of a subject so painful, to quote some of our author's sketches of the Spanish character and customs: of the nobility he says—

' An excessive attachment to titles, ribbons, crosses, stars, armorial bearings, and all the other appendages of feudal institutions, formed a conspicuous trait in the Spanish character, previous to the late change, and is still cherished by numbers, who have been brought up in the fatal belief, that the honours and rewards earned three hundred years ago, are a sufficient excuse for their own sloth and inactivity. The proofs of this anxiety to derive importance from ancestry, are most conspicuous in Biscay, Asturias, and Navarre, where every one lays claim to nobility, and the very cottage doors are surmounted with an immense escutcheon, to ornament which, the whole animal and vegetable world has been put in requisition.'

' The lovers of heraldry would do well to visit those provinces, in which a wide field is open to their researches: there never was such an abundant display of gules and quartering, lions rampant and couchant, tygers, cats, dogs, hawks, pigeons, &c. &c. The chief difficulty I found, was in ascertaining what the animals were meant to represent: it frequently occurred to me that, if interrogated, the artists would themselves be somewhat at a loss on this subject.

' With respect to the rage for nobility, it was so great, some years ago, that, according to the calculation of La Borde, made in 1788, all the families in Biscay and Asturias considered themselves as possessing noble blood: in the first-named province, there were 116,910 titles amongst a population of 308,000 souls; while Asturias boasted no less than 114,740, out of 347,766, its total number of inhabitants. It should be observed that titles were formerly to be bought here, as in Italy and Germany. The same writer estimated that there were 119 grandees, 535 counts, marquesses, and viscounts, making a total of 478,716 nobles. The number of titles has been greatly increased during the reigns of Charles IV. and Ferdinand.'

The pestilential influence of the Inquisition over literature next comes under Mr. Blaquiere's consideration; he traces the progress of letters in Spain, and gives a good view of the present state of literature and the fine arts, as well as an interesting account of some of the most eminent living writers.

A supplementary letter gives an analytical Essay on the Spanish Constitution; and a Postscript, in addition to remarks on the political code of Spain, and a review of men and measures dur-

ing the last two years, furnishes us with a biography of Ferdinand VII., anecdotes of the royal family, and an account of parties in Spain. The memoir of Ferdinand is by a correspondent of the author; we give it entire:

' Born with a weak and sickly constitution, his infancy was passed in a series of maladies; many of his preceptors were men of merit; you know that Escoiquiz was his guide in ethics, moral philosophy, and history, while father Scio, the author of an excellent translation of the Bible, and a man of great learning, superintended his religious and biblical studies; he received lessons in military tactics from Colonel Maturana, an officer of artillery, and a highly meritorious character. Scarcely had he surmounted the dangers of infancy than he began to experience the hatred vowed to him at an early period by his mother! This hatred was inspired by the Prince of Peace, who saw an insurmountable obstacle to his ambition in the heir apparent. Although his youth was passed amidst the tribulations of an implacable persecution, Ferdinand was never observed to betray the most trifling anger or resentment against his parents; he was for several years deprived of all communication and correspondence, except with the few imbecile courtiers who were placed to watch his person: it is a well-known fact, that all those to whom he showed any particular mark of kindness were marked out and given up to persecution. He was married in 1804, to Maria Antonia de Bourbon, an infanta of Naples: this princess was highly accomplished, possessing an elevated mind, and great independence of character. She soon opened the eyes of her husband to the scandalous proceedings of the court. The destruction of this amiable woman was soon decided; after a most difficult labour and long sickness, during which they were so barbarous as to separate her from her husband, she fell a victim to a violent remedy in 1806. An apothecary of the court shot himself some months after, leaving a written paper, in which he declared the part he had taken in the death of the princess. From that time till the famous affair of the Escorial, his life presents no event of importance. Stimulated by his own feeling, and urged on by some individuals of the court, in 1807, the prince determined to throw himself at the feet of Charles IV., and represent the hatred of the whole people against Godoy, the disorders of the finances, and all those other evils which oppressed the nation. The paper composed by him on this occasion, and written in his own hand, was a masterpiece of reasoning, filial tenderness, eloquence, and patriotism. This document is unfortunately lost. Ferdinand intreated his father to drive from his palace the man who dishonoured him; also, that he should immediately assemble the Cortes, and, though late, listen to the voice of the people. Escoiquiz and the

Duke del Infantado were the principal actors in this business: they calculated on the support of France, which had been promised by Count Beauharnois, the ambassador of Napoleon. The project being discovered, it was frustrated, and a petition on the subject, drawn up by Escoiquiz, and written by his pupil, was found in the lining of the latter's coat. Nothing could exceed the rigorous treatment of the prince, on this discovery. Escoiquiz was sent to a convent, and Infantado exiled; while the servants who happened to be concerned in keeping up the communication were condemned to the gallies. It is from this moment you may date the species of idolatry which the people paid to the Prince of Asturias: hence, too, arose the events at Aranjuez, where the people rose and seized the Prince of Peace, who must have infallibly perished, had it not been for the timely intercession of Ferdinand. Nothing could exceed the joy of the nation on hearing that the King had abdicated in favour of his son. The short reign of Ferdinand was marked by various acts of justice and magnanimity: one of his first measures was to recall from exile the ministers disgraced by Godoy, more especially Jovelanos, Azara, O'Farril, and others. An unaccountable fatality seemed to take possession of Ferdinand and his advisers soon after;—the journey to Vittoria was decided on; you know the rest.

' Ferdinand's stay at Valençay is a remarkable period of his life: firmly believing that he could never return to power, he resigned himself to this thought with the fortitude of a stoic; applying himself to literature, he found a superb library, and filled up a portion of his leisure in translating several Spanish works into French. His benevolence knew no bounds, and his departure is still regretted by the whole department, and will long be lamented by the poor and indigent. A person, or rather a monster, named Ameraga, nephew of Escoiquiz, having joined the train of Ferdinand, when he was passing through Biscay, on his way to Bayonne, accompanied him to that place, and contrived to introduce himself into the court of Napoleon: being appointed superintendent of the household at Valençay, some months after, and chief keeper of the prince, he acquitted himself of the charge like a true tyrant, treating the young king with so much insult and cruelty, that the latter was forced to represent his conduct to Napoleon; upon which an immediate order was sent, directing Ameraga to quit the palace instantly. Throwing himself at the feet of Ferdinand, and soliciting forgiveness, the prince, moved by his tears, made him a present of a valuable estate on the banks of the Loire.

' Several writers have reproached Ferdinand with his blind partiality to Napoleon and entire submission to his orders, as well as the cession made of all his rights, into the hands of the conqueror. If you

ever publish this, compare the conduct of Ferdinand with that of Alexander at Tilsit, and of Francis at Schoenbrunn: do not fail to represent the fact of his having passed the whole of his life in a state of abject slavery, without ever being allowed the smallest interference in political affairs. I cannot add any thing more to your stock of information as to the public history of Ferdinand. Perhaps you would like to hear one or two anecdotes relative to his private life.

'On his return from France, and while proceeding from the frontiers to Zaragoza, he read the constitution, with San Carlos and the famous General Palafax. Ferdinand expressed the highest opinion of the new code, and even traced its analogy to the ancient laws of the monarchy. Whenever either of his companions made a remark on its extreme liberality, he proved, by quotations from various historians, that such had been the genuine spirit of our early institutions. It was at a village between Zaragoza and Valentia, that a deputation of bishops inspired him with his first scruples against the code: this is an important fact, but little known, even here. Notwithstanding the persuasions of those pious fathers, Ferdinand hesitated a long time, nor was it till some days after his arrival at Valentia, that he would sign the fatal decree. If the nations of Europe knew the threats and subterfuges of every kind, put in practice there, they would acquit Ferdinand with one accord. I have frequently told you that foreign influence had a very large share in destroying our liberties: I need not remind you, that your own ambassador was amongst the first visitors; and there are those who do not hesitate to say, that a distinguished military chief gave his voice in favour of the proposed measure. Without vouching for the truth of this statement, you are aware that a British general headed the cavalry that escorted the King into the capital: some persons go so far as to say, that this officer told those who suggested fears for the result, that he would answer for the conquest of Madrid, and securing the Cortes. This is also a report, of which I do not pretend to affirm the authenticity.

'With respect to the personal qualities of Ferdinand, I am bound to say he is the best of sons and husbands. I have already observed that he was never known to pronounce a disrespectful word against his parents: you know the story of the picture, for I had it from yourself. He carried on a regular correspondence with the late King for many years before his death. Ferdinand is adored by his domestics: I have seen him enter the room of a sick servant, and present the medicines himself, showing him as much attention as if he had been a brother. A person whom you know, being once closetted with him, refused to give some explanation demanded by his Majesty; upon which, the latter observed, you are not addressing your King, but a Spanish gentleman! Ferdi-

nand has committed many faults; but here is not one of them that was not the effect of his inexperience, and of the ignorance in which he has been kept: he was surrounded in such a manner, that it was totally impossible for the truth to approach: when left to himself, he sought the goddess, with the most impatient avidity. A person said, one day, 'your Majesty had ordered me to read this paper; it contains very serious accusations against some one, who enjoys your whole confidence.'—'No matter,' replied the King, 'read on.' After hearing the document read, with the greatest attention and composure, he took it from the secretary, without saying a word more, looked over the paper again, and then put it into his pocket: in a few days after the accused person got leave to retire from the court! When Porlier's unfortunate affair took place, one of Ferdinand's servants fell at the feet of his master, and said, 'Sire, I also am guilty, but your Majesty is generous; I, therefore, implore my pardon; I am an accomplice of the general.' The King asked whether any other person knew of his crime, and being answered in the negative, ordered the culprit to maintain a profound silence on the subject; adding, be cautious that none besides myself becomes the confidant of your weakness. The servant not only retained his place, but was raised to another of still greater importance.

'You wish to be informed of the mode of life which Ferdinand leads at present; the following details are from one who lives in the palace. He rises at six, and devotes a part of the morning to religious duties. After breakfast, which is taken in company with the Queen, and during which he converses familiarly with his medical adviser, the captain of the guard, or some of the attendants, he gives up an hour to the regulation of domestic concerns, and general affairs of the household: this duty performed, he takes an airing in his berline, attended by a single person, without any escort whatever; while absent from the palace, Ferdinand generally visits some public establishment, or calls at one of his country-houses. It sometimes happens that this part of the day is given up to receiving foreign ambassadors, grandees, or other visits. He dines at four without the least etiquette, and all the members of the royal family meet at dinner; during which the King jokes with his brother's wife or sisters-in-law, not unfrequently addressing some jocular remark to the servants who are in attendance. After dinner, he retires, smokes a segar, gives his orders to the valet-de-chambre, and then enters the state carriage, with the Queen, when the whole family go out in the usual order. After the evening's airing, public audience is given; this has never been omitted for a single day. Every class of persons are admitted at this hour; I have even seen beggars there! Ferdinand listens to each with the greatest patience, and, as

soon as the hall is empty, passes into his closet with a secretary, to decide on the petitions presented, or requests that may have been made. Not a day passes, without *despacho*, (transacting public business). He is often engaged with two ministers at a time. The remainder of the evening is passed in reading, music, or in the society of his family.'

An Appendix of Documents closes this volume, which contains much that is interesting relative to a country on which the attention of Europe is now particularly fixed.

Original Communications.

ON THE ORIGINALITY OF SHAKSPEARE.—ESSAY II. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THAT originality in sentiment, imagery, and expression, which so pre-eminently distinguishes the writings of the great dramatist, may be in some measure accounted for by the circumstances of his life and the peculiarity of his fortunes. I say in some measure, because it is not easy to conceive genius as the birth of fortuitous circumstances merely; the development of genius may be proportional to opportunities and propitious accidents, but the faculty of perceiving these advantages and of seizing them, must pre-exist; and this is genius. However, whether the reader agrees with me in considering genius as a faculty depending on external circumstances for its exercise and improvement, though not for its existence, or is determined to hold that we are all—idiots, lunatics, women, antiquarians, musicians, painters, poets, orators, chymists, mathematicians, and philosophers,—all born with equivalent faculties, and that genius is nothing but the fruit of a plentiful shower of well-timed accidents,—whichever hypothesis the reader embraces, it has nothing to do with the present disquisition. Both theories agree in imputing the attainment of intellectual superiority, in some measure, to accidental opportunities, and so far may the superior originality of Shakespeare be accounted for, without presuming the stability of either hypothesis. There are *obvious* circumstances in his life, and there is an *obvious* peculiarity in his fortunes, which all must acknowledge to have had considerable influence in imparting that originality to the works of Shakspeare, upon which his claim to mental supremacy principally depends. Thus far it is my design to attempt accounting for the originality of the dramatist; no farther.

FIRST, were biography totally silent

or unauthentic, there is internal evidence to be collected from his own works, that Shakspeare had experienced many of the vicissitudes, varieties, and diversities of life. To begin with the humblest: his clowns, his peasants, his accurate knowledge of the terms of husbandry, the technicals of agriculture, the tactics of the green, of rustic amusements, superstitions, privations, occupations, customs, manners, language, of champaign sports, hunting, hawking, &c.; of the names and properties of animal, vegetable, mineral, and material substances, of rural scenery and objects both animate and inanimate; in a word, of country life, prove him to have been once nearly connected with the peasantry. This connection might have been no more intimate, in *name*, than that between landlord and serf, but must have been much less remote in *deed*; Shakspeare must have mingled, unreservedly, with the villeinage to have drawn such a character as Autolycus. His acquaintance with the detail of a city is not less minute; the pleasures, the depravities, the iniquities, the pageantry of the court, the splendour of the assembly, and the gaiety of the ruelle; the luxurious apathy and 'greasy' affluence of the citizen, the knavery, cant, corinthianism, flash, and villainy of the inferior blood, or rakehell; the gallantry, graceful dissipation, and refined immorality of the noble; the foibles, follies, frailties of woman. Every place of public resort or private amusement has its chart in his pages, its inventory of furniture, moving as well as moveable, in his works; the courts of law, their forms, rules, phrases, and frauds; the theatre *ad unguem*, the prize-court, the bear-garden, the tavern, the inn, the ordinary, the ale-house, and less respectable houses of sensuality; his ocular and verbal knowledge of civic habits, manners, and morals in general, prove him to have been deeply initiated in the mysteries of a town life. Such information upon the various subjects implied by the preceding enumeration, and the many more which it is impossible to collate, but of which his works furnish the most complete catalogue; such information as Shakspeare's—so intimate, so exact, so minutely correct in the most subordinate parts, so indissolubly connected with the things themselves, could not be gathered by any scrutiny or investigation short of positive familiarity with, and actual observation of the appearances he describes and the facts he testifies, per-

sonal bodily experience of the different modes and varieties of life to which these different objects were appropriate and peculiar. In the works of any author, closet-knowledge may be always detected by the predominance of idealisms and imagery purely fanciful; personal knowledge by the frequent exhibitions of reality and pictures of actual life. Shakspeare's works are the 'Mirror of Nature,' the very first reflection of reality; it would have been as impossible for a limner to have delineated with perfect accuracy a landscape in a mist, yet without the mist, or for an astronomer to have described, with mathematical precision, the face of the moon in a halo, yet without the halo, as for Shakspeare to have depicted rural and civic life with such vital resemblance, depending for his knowledge of human nature on the cloudy evidence of books and the refractive testimony of oral communication. Johnson, the lexicographer, professedly 'extracts the diction of common life from Shakespeare.'

But, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' history confirms what his works indicate without history. He was born of respectability, was successively an artizan, a *poacher*, a link-boy, (as 'tis averred) an underling of the play-house, an actor, an author, a man of the town, a man of wealth, and a favourite at court. And, let the reader mark, this progress from low to high life was not effected in *jumps* or *fits* of promotion, as church, military, or court preferment generally is; where a parson jumps into a bishopric, an ensign jumps into a colonelcy, and a school-boy from Cam or Oxon jumps into a state secretaryship; this progression of our author was like a traveller's ascent from the brow of a hillock to the summit of the Andes,—first, a gentle descent from the respectability of an artizan to the equivocal footing of a poacher or the rascality of a link-boy, then a gradual ascent o'er all the intermediate acclivities which, like hills on hills, arise between low and exalted life. That the mighty dramatist, the high prophet of profane inspiration, the god of intellectual idolatry, was ever a *poacher* by profession, decency forbid any historian should pronounce! but that he was one, *pour passer les temps*, there is no occasion to doubt. The affair of Sir Thomas Lucy is on record, and, though it may not be enough to convict the high and mighty Shakspeare of poaching for bread, but merely for *fun*, it is sufficient evidence that he must

have associated pretty freely with those careless spirits who are the *crack* of the rural community; who, in the untameable ferocity of rustic nature, range the woodland, the hill, and the dale, wild as the winds and fleet as the floods, who haunt wakes, fairs, and meetings, are the Pierres of village conspiracy, the Antonies of village revelry, and the Lotharios of village libertinism,—'gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon,' adding vigour to the dance, and flavour to the bowl, the first shouts of the morning sport, and the last chorus at the midnight roar; such were the sworn brothers and companions of Rieving Willie. We know also, from the attestation of history, that after he had exchanged the village for the city, he still retained his disposition to free-life, and to good-fellowship with all. He became the soul of the green-room, the tavern, and the club; the jovial companion, the brilliant conversationalist, the regent amongst the *table-diamonds* who studded the circle of wit at the Mermaid, flashing brighter every round of the bowl; a guest with the nobles, and a favourite with the Queen. We have contemporary testimony of his affability and sweetness of temper, his convivial wit and powers of repartee, his festive humour and jocund temperament; qualities which are either the effects or the causes of intimate acquaintance with the world.

Thus, whether we consult history or depend on our information on the evidence afforded by his own works, it will be found that the great dramatist was, what perhaps no writer but himself ever was,—a perfect man of the world. Neither a student like Milton, nor a gentleman like Congreve, nor a courtier like Addison, nor a citizen like Lillo, nor a ruralist like Cowper, nor a rustic like Burns, nor a lord like Byron, but—a man of the world. This is one great secret of his originality. It needs but to be specified, to be acknowledged as one bounteous vein of his wealth of ideas. Besides the innumerable illustrations, allusions, similes, metaphors, and combinations which he was enabled to draw from his store of desultory information, the insight into character, the knowledge of the differences of character, of the peculiarities, humours, oddities, whims, caprices, tendencies (evil, good, and ridiculous, or any way remarkable) which a sphere of observation so extensive afforded him—such advantages, it is evident, in some measure, account for the originality and diversity of character by

which his personages are distinguished; originality so seldom met with in any work, and diversity, so rarely attained in the drama, which is the portraiture of mental character or disposition, but as much beyond visual portraiture in difficulty of execution, as the mind is more variable than the face, or the spirit more erratic than the body. His power of *individualizing* his characters (i. e. diversifying them), chiefly exhibits originality, and for this power he was evidently much indebted to his experience of mankind, his practical knowledge of human nature.

Nevertheless, had not the faculty of perceiving, estimating, and employing the full force of these advantages pre-existed in the mind of the great dramatist, by nature or previous exercise, their variety would have created little astonishment and their display little gratification, in comparison with the apparently superhuman effects they have actually produced under the superintendance of that faculty in its highest perfection. Many men (Dryden for example) have possessed considerable knowledge of the world; knowledge far less disproportional to Shakespeare's, than their genius to his.

SECONDLY, our author was cotemporary with the resurrection of literature. The darkness of the middle ages was like the night of the tomb. Literature arose again, after a lapse of many centuries, from the sepulchre of oblivion to which Gothic impiety had consigned it. The genius of Shakespeare was in the cradle about the time when the spirit of literature had perfected its second birth. This was an epoch favourable to originality as choice could possibly have selected. There was no fear of imitation or plagiarism, for (in England especially) learning was confined to a few; and of these few Shakespeare was certainly not one. On the other hand, knowledge was sufficiently diffused to furnish fuel for the consumption of genius. This is another secret of the originality of Shakespeare; or, rather, of his guiltlessness of plagiarism, for positive originality has a different source from that which ignorance supplies. Allowing him, however, to have possessed genius, the circumscribed state of learning in that age sufficiently explains how he never could have imposed, either on himself or others, plagiarism for originality, inasmuch as he could scarcely imitate what he had not read. Was Byron, by the help of a dose of Lethe, reduced to the same predicament of ignorance as to other

men's inventions, the corrodors of his fame, who live on the *nibble* he charitably affords them by a few remote coincidences with other writers, would die of atrophy. Did Shakespeare live in the present age, as he would most probably be well versed in ancient and modern classics, we should perhaps find as many involuntary plagiarisms in his effusions, as the laborious malignancy of our critics has been able to extort from the works of Byron; especially, if so much of the poetical ground had been pre-occupied by some former writer, as that from which he has excluded the moderns by the comprehensive grasp of his genius. But he lived at a more favourable epoch; the ancient languages were revived but had not spread; the continental languages, also, were confined to their several national boundaries; the English language scarcely existed as a written tongue. Thus, unacquainted with the works of others, he had no foreign imagery to croud his brain and tyrannize over its native offspring; to break down his memory, to insinuate itself in his conceptions, and then claim all the merit as its own; to perplex his discrimination when he endeavoured to separate what was his from what was another's,—to oppress, and seduce, and confound him. He was compelled to be original, or drop his pen. Yet such was the nice construction of the epoch, that though verbal acquaintance with ancient and continental literature was restricted, a general knowledge of antiquity and of surrounding nations was widely diffused. Knowledge, in fact, was just at that point of dissemination, where it was too superficial to serve the purposes of plagiarism, yet sufficiently copious to satisfy inquiry. If it be said that I impute to the epoch, what arose from an accidental deficiency of scholastic education, that deficiency of this kind is frequent at all periods, refined as well as rude, and that Shakespeare might have been as learned as a Rosicrucian or his cotemporary Ben Jonson,—I answer; first, though this objection were good, in point of fact, it is nothing to the purpose; for it would be only attributing to a different cause the advantage which I contend for as enjoyed by Shakespeare; namely, that he possessed general knowledge, though not of the verbal kind which is available to plagiarism, indeed inducive of it; secondly, this advantage is fairly imputable to the epoch, as a period which, though it neither forbade the pursuit, nor obstructed the attainment

of scholastic learning (in the spirit of preceding barbarism) yet neither did it inculcate the necessity nor facilitate the acquisition of classical knowledge, (in the spirit of subsequent refinement.) The objector may also recollect that English literature, by a familiarity with which the inventive powers of an English author are principally contaminated, and with whose beauties our most illiterate writers are *nolens volens* conversant, did not exist at the above epoch; so that the advantage of unlearnedness at that period, was much greater than it is at present, when, however unlearned an author may be, he can never be ensured against the danger of plagiarising from the works of vernacular writers, whose imagery haunts every brain, from the peer to the Northamptonshire Peasant. Thus, the resurrection of literature combined such a just proportion of information and ignorance, as lighted genius on his path to the temple of Fame, without dazzling him with superfluous illumination till he should mistake other men's possessions on Parnassus for discoveries of his own.

THIRDLY, though Shakespeare 'knew little Latin and less Greek,' he possessed a world of popular knowledge—what may be denominated, in spelling-book phrase, learning made easy. It is manifest from such expressions as, '*thrasonical* brag,' 'extravagant and erring spirit,' &c. that he was familiar with the ancients, at the least, by way of translations, if not with the originals themselves, which the revocation of derived words to their primitive and classical meaning (v. g. 'extravagant' applied to a wandering spirit) might seem to indicate. From the accuracy of his details, historical, biographical, and geographical; from his rigorous observance of national costume, manners, ceremonies, superstitions; his antiquarian allusions; his judicious appropriation of localities, national proverbs, and endemic peculiarities, to their respective countries; his *plagiarism* of plot from Italian novels and ancient chronicles; from his frequent references to legends, popular stories, and fictitious histories;—in fine, from a superfluity of general information, a quantity of knowledge which never could have been accumulated by the bare observation of eye and ear, it is manifest that Shakespeare was a man widely if not deeply read. The extent of his literary information is wonderful; and this is the third source of his originality, in the same way that his worldly information was the first.

These are the principal *obvious* causes which, in some measure, account for the originality which distinguishes the works of the great dramatist. He was a man of the world; whereby he gained an intimate knowledge of character, and amassed a treasure of profitable ideas. He lived at an epoch of time, when works of learning were few in number and little known; the chances therefore were, that they would not, and the fact was, that they were not, known to him, at least, sufficiently to allow or induce plagiarism; yet, at the same epoch, general knowledge was widely disseminated, so that his genius, though it was compelled to create, had materials whereof to compose its creations. He possessed extensive literary information; information upon all that could be useful to him in the histories of extinct and of existing nations,—information with respect to these of the same useful description as that which he obtained by personal observation, and familiarity with the world within his personal reach.

It is sufficient to hint, that other causes of Shakspeare's pre-eminent originality over modern authors, might be found, in the necessity imposed on the latter by modern refinement, of attending to the euphony of their language more than to the quality of their ideas, and in the mental degeneracy, to which a departure from the rude and simple life of our ancestors inevitably leads.

CALAMUS.

ANTIQUARIAN REMINISCENCES. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'Forsan et haec meminisse jurabit.'—VIRG.
(Continued from p. 536.)

BUMPER, au bon père, french; before the reformation, our ancestors drank to the health of their good father the Pope; whence these large draughts were called bumpers. The ladies of antiquity sanctioned the practice both by precept and example. Dido, after having raised the bowl to her lips:—

*'Tum Bitiae dedit increpitans, ille impiger hau-
sit,
Spumantem pateram, et plino se proliuit auro;
Post alii proceres.'*

The custom of drinking bumpers is of very great antiquity.

The ancients were accustomed to drink a bumper for every letter in the persons name whom they toasted; but these honours seem now to have degenerated into those appalling buzzus which accompany our three times three.

THE THREE BLUE BALLS suspended at the doors of pawnbrokers were

the arms of the Lombard merchants settled in Lombard Street in the city, the great fundholders of their time, and who first lent money on pledges. They continued in England to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when, in consequence of the measures adopted by Sir Thomas Gresham, they were obliged to quit the country.

COCK-FIGHTING was probably introduced into this country by the Romans who borrowed it from the Greeks. It is called the royal sport, possibly because Henry Eighth built the cock-pit at Whitehall, for the more convenient exercise and enjoyment of this game. James the First was also very fond of cockfighting.

The first mention of it in this country is in Fitzstephen's life of Becket, written in the reign of Henry the Second; it has continued to the present day, though prohibited at different times by several acts of Parliament.

WEATHER-COCKS.—The cock, the herald of the morn and emblem of watchfulness, who summons us by his early crowing to our several occupations, was placed on the steeples of churches to remind the clergy of the vigilance and attention they should pay to the duties of their office.

EPIPHANY.—King Alfred enacted a law for the regulation of holidays, by which the twelve days after the nativity were appointed festivals to commemorate the adoration of the wise men; the large cakes which at this season are exhibited in the city are not even in size or shape a modern invention. Moresius speaks of one made on the opening of the new year: ‘Panis erat ad formam rolæ factus.’

CROSS-BUNS, used on good Friday, and marked with the cross in testimony of our Saviour's death.—The ancients paid great respect to the cross. It was placed in the colours of England; hence they are called ensigns, *etym*—En Signum. Several charters remain, to which Kings and persons of rank and authority, *affixi signum crucis manu propria pro ignoratione literarum*. This custom is still observed by such persons as cannot write.

FOOLS' DAY, FIRST OF APRIL, supposed to have been instituted by our ancestors to ridicule the Druids: the great humour of this day appears in sending persons on sleeveless errands.

PAN-CAKES, originally made chiefly of eggs; the custom of eating eggs at Easter is said to be derived from the ceremonies observed by the Jews at the celebration of the passover; if, avail-

ing myself of the privilege of etymologists, ‘eruditio ad libitum,’ I may offer an opinion, I will rather suppose that these cakes, being usually eaten on Shrove Tuesday, the day immediately preceding Lent, during which eggs were prohibited by the ancient church, and that prohibition ceasing at Easter, that eggs became the alpha and omega of that season. Fastidious critics, who, like many learned members of the medical tribe, consider no remedy good that cannot be traced to the writings of an Hippocrates or a Galen, may dispute this conjecture, and say that I have traced the custom *ab ovo usque ad malum (exemplum.)*

SNEEZING.—The custom of blessing persons when they sneezed, originated in a disease which was fatal to such as sneezed. According to Carolus Tegonius, it prevailed in Italy during the pontificate of Gregory the Great. It is, however, of much greater antiquity, being mentioned by Pliny and Petronius Arbiter. Aristotle also mentions it, and says, that sneezing, being the motion of the brain expelling through the nostrils whatever is offensive, which is an evidence of its vigour, and for that reason is reverenced by those who hear it as something sacred.

VALENTINES—letters and presents sent by lovers to their mistresses on this day. The custom originates, probably, from the notion that birds choose their mates at this season of the year:—

*'Festa Valentino rediit lux,
Quisque sibi sociam jam legit ales avem
Inde sibi dominam per sortes querere in an-
num;
Mansit ab antiquis mos repetitus avis
Quisque legit dominam, quam casto obseruat
amore
Quam nitidis sertis obsequioque colat:
Mittere cui possit blandi munuscula veris.'*

Buchanan.

I have found no satisfactory reason why this custom is observed on the festival of St. Valentine. The Trullan Counsel forbids lots to be drawn on this day; and, if we consider the loss of time these amatory epistles occasion, by inducing young ladies and others to neglect their household affairs, to spend their money on fortune-tellers, with various other malpractices, we think the matter well worthy the attention of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, particularly when they have such an authority as the Council of Trullus to countenance this interference. J. H.

BUCHANAN'S MONSTER.
To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.
SIR.—I have sent you an account of a curious monster, described by Buchanan

in the 13th book of his Scottish History, with what I have strong reasons for believing to be the real meaning of the phenomenon.

'About this time,' says he, 'a new kind of monster was born in Scotland. In the lower part of its body it resembled a male child, nothing differing from the ordinary shape of the human body; but, above the navel, the trunk of the body and all the other members were double, representing both sexes, male and female. The King (James IV.) gave special order for its careful education, especially in music, in which it arrived at an admirable degree of skill, and moreover it learned several tongues; and sometimes the two bodies did discover several appetites disagreeing with each other, and so they would quarrel, one liking this, and the other that; and yet sometimes, again, they would agree, and consult, as it were in common, for the good of both. This was also memorable in it, that when the legs and loins were hurt below, both bodies were sensible of this pain in common, but when it was pricked or otherwise hurt above, the sense of pain did affect one body only; which difference was also more conspicuous at its death, for one of the bodies died many days before the other, and that which survived, being half putrified, pined away by degrees. This monster lived twenty-eight years, and then died.' 'I am the more confident,' adds the historian, 'in relating the story, because there are many honest and credible persons yet alive, who saw this prodigy with their own eyes.'

This curious, and apparently circumstantial account of a pretended *lusus naturæ*, appears to me to be no more than an allegorical or enigmatical satire on Henry VIII; for which opinion I would offer the following reasons:

1st. It is said of this monster that he was born about 1500.

Henry was born 1491. He was crowned 1519, (from which his age is to be reckoned.)

2d. It parted from the navel upwards into two bodies.

In the year 1533 he was excommunicated by the Pope, which was just in the middle of his reign, and then might be said to have two bodies, Catholic *Female*, and Protestant *Male*.

3d. Any injury done to the body below, was felt by both bodies; but each body felt its own pain separately.

His love of sway and authority per-

secuted both churches, but the evils he inflicted were never felt or considered by him.

4th. The death of one body was succeeded by that of the other, which pined away.

Having dissolved the monasteries, and wasted as well as destroyed the Catholics, he would also have sacrificed the Protestants to his prodigality, but that he himself, half Catholic half Protestant, died A. D. 1547, having reigned (or *lived*) 28 years, the exact age of the monster described. Some persons might still be living in Queen Elizabeth's time, who had known and seen her father.

N. B. Fixing the birth-place in Scotland, and introducing James IV., as its patron, is no more than an *episode*.

E. G. B.

Americana,

No. X.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

From 'Poems by William Cullen Bryant,' published at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Late, from this western shore, that morning chas'd
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams, and lifter up of proud Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees wav'd, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest; and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yell'd near.

And where his willing waves yon bright bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay Young group of grassy islands born of him,
And, crowding nigh, or distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb
And belt and beads in sun-light glistening,
The savage urg'd his skiff-like wild bird on the wing.

Then all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cool'd by the interminable wood, that frown'd O'er mound and vale, where never summer ray
Glanc'd, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the grey giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a shelter'd glade, with blossoms gay,
Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smil'd.

There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flash'd with many an ear,
Where the brown otter plung'd him from the brake,
And the deer drank—as the slight gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore;
And while that spot, so wild and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,

And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there:

Not unaveng'd—the foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed, and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorg'd his battle-ax with blood;
All died—the wailing babe,—the shrieking maid—

And in the flood of fire that scath'd the glade
The roofs went down; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day beams play'd;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreath'd and blue,
And ever, by their lake, lay moored the light canoe.

Look now abroad—another race has fill'd
These populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are till'd;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembower'd, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth, that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame, among the autumnal trees.

SOCIETY AT WASHINGTON.

[By a recent traveller in the United States.]

ALTHOUGH I arrived at Washington in the middle of the day, greatly fatigued by a most laborious journey, I could not resist the temptation of going, accompanied by two friends, to the president's drawing-room the same evening. After rolling along an avenue spoke-deep in mire, with a canal on one side, and for half the way a dreary waste on the other, in about half an hour we came to a miserable stone wall seven feet high, resembling such as you will frequently find round a thrifty New-England farm. Through a gap in the wall, and a plentiful portion of mud, we at last arrived at the President's house. Ascending a few stone steps and passing a platform, (which, from its abominable construction, always contains on its surface an inch of water or ice, according to the variations of this variable climate, assuring to almost every one a wet foot or a fall,) we pressed through the front door, which is about one-third the size it should have been, into a large hall, ten times the size it ought to be. In this hall, which is neither round, square, nor oval, we could not discover a table, chair, or bench, to lay our garments on, and but one miserable lamp was seen to light this most disproportioned barn; for it is no better in point of comfort, though covered with a floor cloth, and supported in the centre by four marble columns. After narrowly escaping from breaking my neck over some hats and shawls, strewed promiscuously on the floor, we entered the drawing-room, the sight of

* In the year 1500.

which sufficiently repaid us for all the risks we ran in getting to it.

There is no fault to be found here by *civilized* people—every thing is as it should be—rich without being extravagant—splendid without being gaudy. Every piece of furniture, from the beautiful lustre, chairs, glasses, and draperies, down to the footstool, are in accord, and do great credit to the taste of the mistress of the house, who, I am told, directed the whole. It is indeed the most perfect room I ever entered; but this room, the house, my journey, all were forgotten, when I had the felicity of being presented to Mrs. Monroe. Her kind reception, dignity of manner, beauty, and elegance, enchanted me so completely, that I had almost exclaimed with Savage,—

'From every gift of Heaven, to charm is thine,
To gaze, to praise, and to adore, be mine.'

Is it not surprising, that the Virginians, after having had continually before them such examples as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and fifty other distinguished and accomplished men, and having exhibited to us such elegant women as Mrs. Monroe and Mrs. Madison, should in general be so deficient in dignity of character and polite manners. It is very rare to meet, among their *degenerate* young men, with a perfect gentleman. They are the most rude unlicked cubs to be met with in the Union. One of them was introduced to a lady near to me, who asked him if he was from New England: 'No, by G—d, mam, I am a Virginian: a noble Virginian.' 'I suppose so, sir,' said the lady, a little sarcastically. 'By G—d, mam, we are all nature's nobles in the ancient dominion—not Yankees, no indeed—I swear to ye.' At this moment, a senator from the north gracefully approached the lady, and entered into conversation in a style so different from the noble Virginian, that, had the latter possessed the least taste for good-breeding, he must have felt his inferiority. I found, by circulating in the apartments, that these specimens of natural nobility are, unfortunately, not uncommon. When refreshments were brought in they seized and devoured them like wolves, before the waiters could approach the ladies for whom they were intended. I saw one booby drink, from the same waiter, four glasses of wine; and I heard another ask the servant if he had any whiskey.—'No, massa, said Tom, we no drink whiskey in this house: you must go to Davis' for that.' How disgusting! Believe

me, I do not exaggerate. Were you to see these lazy lounging louts, with their heads uncombed, their coats unbrushed, lolling on the sofas, squirming tobacco-juice on the carpet, and annoying the ladies, you would feel indignant.

With some of the young ladies I was as little satisfied as with these uncouth nobles of nature. I found many of them very noisy, rude, and forward.

The fuss about etiquette prevails here as much as in Paris or in London. The president's lady has dared to take a proper stand—she visits no one, but receives all, and opens the government house once a fortnight to return civilities. This is very proper—but Jonathan's wife does not like it; she wants a gossiping visit or two, that she may tell her gaping neighbours, when she gets home, that madam the president called on her—Oh, the vanity of this world! I was at a party at a decent man's house, where the first thing that attracted my notice was two cards from the president and his lady, inviting our hosts to dine, conspicuously and purposely placed on the mantle piece. Vanity of vanities!

I find the foreign ministers do all the honours of the city. The French and English have each their routes once a week, and it would amuse you to see how eagerly the democrats of all grades flock to them. A lady of a member thinks she degrades herself by calling to pay her respects to the wife of one of the heads of department, who, she maintains, ought first to call on her, a rib of one of the sovereign people, while she thinks herself *highly honoured* in being permitted to pay *the first visit* to Johnny Petit, or Johnny Bull's legitimate representative. Fie on them!

It is a disgrace to the Union, that the secretaries are so badly paid, as not to have it in their power to entertain even their particular friends. Some of them live in houses you would not live in, and two of them *live at board!* This is totally out of character. If congress found it necessary to raise their own pay one-third, why did they not act with equal justice towards other members of the government? I am not in favour of high salaries, but I think 10,000 dollars is little enough per annum, for each of the heads of department. The president recommended in his message to Congress, to build houses for them, but the secretaries objected to it unless their salaries were augmented, observing that

they did not choose, like the president, to live in one end of a fine house for the want of means of furnishing the whole.

Original Poetry.

SONNET ON THE LATE DR. HERSCHEL.
'Like the Chaldean, he had watched the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams.'—LORD BYRON.

GREAT viewer of God's works on earth; no more
Thine eyes shall gaze upon the heavens each night,
Naming the stars so beautiful and bright;
Nor, with thine optic glass, again explore
Each planet with thy wonder-searching light.
Oh say, philosopher, what rapturous sight
Is to thy dazzled soaring spirit given?
Has Newton hail'd thee in those worlds of light,
Partner in wisdom,—do clear skies invite
Where clouds no more are gather'd round the sun?
Where thou shalt follow comets in their flight
And wear the laurels that thy wisdom won.
Whilst angels' fingers of thy knowledge write,
E'en at the bidding of the Holy One.
London, Sept. 1822.

THE HEBREWS' LAMENT FOR ZION.
By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.—
Psalm cxxxvii. v. i.

O ZION, deserted and desolate hill!
Accept the complaint of thy son;
O shades, which repeated the silent harp's thrill,
O valleys beloved, where thy sons linger still,
O'er the wreck of a city undone,
O'er the waste of the world, I look back to the land,
To the land of my forefathers' home;
Where sepulchred they sleep, in the rock or the sand,
Nor dream of the Gentiles' terrific command,
Which has destin'd their children to roam.
I reflect on the ages, when Zion the bright
Was enroll'd in the lists of the brave;
When her sons were unequalled in song or in
fight,—
When Sheba, of Egypt, acknowledg'd hermitage,
And riches flowed in with the wave.

I look back on the cedars of Lebanon's brow,
To the hills of the vine and the palm;
To the shade of the olive and sycamore's bough,
To the temple, the altars, so solemn below,

To the arches that echoed the psalm.
To the harp on the willows, the voice of the seer,
The meridian of Solyma's name,
To the host of the brave, to the elder severe,
The music of war, or the glittering spear,
And the trumpet of Israel's fame.

The wonders that issued from Moses's prayer,
The armies so often subdu'd,
When the giant of Gath was laid low in despair,
When Sennacherib fell with his Syrians there
On the fields drunk with Philistine blood.
To the mighty who reign'd and who conquer'd
in power,
To Solomon, Saul, and his son,
To the days when the Lord was their armour
and tower,

To the time when the visage of battle would lower,
But an augur of wreaths to be won.

To the bulls and the goats and the offerings of praise,
To the incense which floated on high,
On the altars enwrapt in the sacrifice blaze,
To the rites of the law of those happier days,
When Judea with songs shook the sky.

To the land where Jehovah descended in flame,
In thunder, in clouds, and in light;
When the prophets, enwrapt in the awe of his name,

Grasp'd ages of time and futurity's stream
In the sweep of their knowledge and sight.

To Isaiah, to Samuel, Daniel, and all
Whom the spirit was wont to inspire;
To the bard of the Hebrews, who warbled to Saul,
Or the sweet singing minstrels who thronged in the hall,

And sung to the soul-thrilling lyre.

Once, invincible ramparts and citadels strong
Surrounded the fane of the Jew,
And obstinate strength dwelt the turrets among,
Ere the eagle came sweeping destruction along,

Or the flag on the holiest flew.

But the day when the city around in the sky
Spreads its blaze to the armies of Rome,
I can never forget—nor the piteous cry
Of a nation condemn'd to be slaves or to die—

Of a nation in mourning for home.

From Salem they wander'd, like Adam, abroad,
Without home in the known world's extent,
For once we provoked the contempt of our God,
And justly we suffer the weight of his rod

Till the vial of judgment is spent.

But memory's venom might still have a balm,
In the hearts of a kindred sincere,—

We still might be soothed by the voice of the psalmi,

While we sorrowed, be lulled to contentment and calm,

By the magic of sympathy's tear.

But these kindred hopes and their like kindred fears

The remnant of Israel ne'er knew;

Never mingled their own with a nation's soft tears,

But ruthless contempt has rolled on with the years,—

For who is the friend of the Jew?

These now I contemplate, my fathers have told
Of those days and in sorrow I've heard,
In the scriptures I've read of those ages of old,
And a tear I have dropt on those pages of gold,
Where the tribes lost the love of the Lord.

My Israel, thy tale be the theme of my songs,
And my joy as an Hebrew of yore;

For the voice of an angel my ardent soul longs,
I would still sing thy praise with a million of tongues,

Till those organs could hymn thee no more.

Judea the fruitful! O Israel the brave!

O Israel my nation, I see

All the prospects of bondage which still o'er thee wave,

And my soul in despondence contemplates the grave,

Which must cancel my labours for thee.

Bright Star of the East! is thy brilliance set?

Shall no more thy effulgence be seen?

Does no distant ray of thy rising gleam yet,

No beams of the morning thy ling'ring regret,

Beyond the dark clouds of the scene.

Yes! still there's a hope, for Messiah shall rise
To reign in his Sion again;
The hearts that are deaf to his Israel's cries,
The chief who his might and his coming defies,
Shall bow to the chosen of men.

Haste day of all days, when the tribes from afar
Shall gather round Palestine's shore
To bask in the beams of the conqueror's star,
And the world with the Jew be no longer at war,
But the bondage of Jacob be o'er.

Shrewsbury, Aug. 17, 1822. C. A. H.

The Drama AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A comic opera was introduced at this theatre on Monday night, which adds one more to the attractive novelties of this season. It is entitled *Morning, Noon, and Night, or the Romance of a Day*. The plot, which is very intricate, and fully charged with incidents, may be gathered from the following outline:—

The Earl of Avadavat (Tayleure), on going out early in life to India, agrees with his friend, Sir Simon Saveall, (who has been his benefactor), that should he return fortunate, his son, Lord Scribbleton (Liston), shall be united to Lydia (Miss Paton), Sir Simon's daughter; and the opera commences at the period when the young couple are to be introduced to each other for the first time. Lord Scribbleton, who has written two romances under the titles of 'The Deluded Wife,' and 'Deserted Children,' and is a great traveller in search of incidents to furnish his future productions, determined to visit the mansion of his intended father-in-law, Sir Simon, who is famed for his hospitality, in order that he may, unobserved, discover with what sort of a young lady he is to be united. His father, the Earl, however, disapproving concealment, informs Sir Simon of the intended deception, and the Baronet, after imparting the secret to his daughter, determines on giving Lord Scribbleton a most brilliant reception, and lights up his mansion for that purpose. His lordship in the mean time, through some of his romantic arrangements, is detained on the road, and mistaken for a highwayman; and a Captain Sanguine (Johnson), who is journeying to a sea-port to meet his wife and children, loses his way, and knocks at Sir Simon's gate, where he is received with all the honours intended for Lord S., on a supposition that he is that nobleman in disguise; and, when he speaks of his absent wife and children, is supposed to mean merely the titles of the favourite romances written by Lord S., and on his lordship's being brought in custody to Sir Simon's, he is locked up in a cellar; till the arrival of his father, the earl, elucidates the mistakes which led to his confinement. Amelia (Mrs. Johnston), the wife of the captain, is with her two boys shipwrecked on the coast, and preserved through the brave humanity of Shark (Terry), a

repentant ruffian of former bad habits, who tries, by present good conduct, to redeem past guilt, and, after rescuing the lady from the ferocious avarice of the villains who infest the coast, to make property of the vessels wrecked on it, and afterwards from robbers in a wood near Sir Simon's, brings her safely to the baronet's house, where she unexpectedly meets her husband, and joins in the merriment of the family on the adjustment of Lord Scribbleton's self-occasioned embarrassment.

The first act opens at twilight, with the arrangements of the coast robbers to plunder a wreck. Sunrise introduces us Sir Simon's mansion, whence he is departing on his journey to the Earl, whom he meets; and at noon, we have Lord Scribbleton's adventures at an inn on the road, where he purposely breaks the lynch-pin of his cabriolet, in hopes to produce incident, and, while planning the atrocities of his future hero (a second Don Juan), he is overheard by the people of the inn, and taken up as a dangerous inmate, who intends robbing the inn, murdering the landlord, and setting the house on fire. The shipwreck and preservation of the lady are supposed to occupy the hour of noon; and, in the third act, the night adventures of the forest and mansion finish the opera.

The other incidents arise from the characters of a villainous landlord, Grampus; an Irish servant, Patrick; and Baptiste, French valet to Lord Scribbleton, who, with two country bailiffs, the wreckers, and servants, form the remainder of the *dramatis personæ*.

This piece, which is said to be from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, contains materials for at least an opera and a farce, according to the present parsimony in incident and plot; the characters so well accord with the talents of the performers, that we suspect the author had them in his eye; particularly Liston, in Lord Scribbleton, the Quixotic hero of the piece, whose absurd disposition to convert matters of ordinary importance into circumstances fraught with the most eventful consequences, and the easy assurance and magnanimity with which he meets the threatened calamity, were admirable. As a titled author, he seemed aware of the importance rank would give his productions, and seemed to give a broad hit at some living follies. Miss Paton, whose talents develop themselves the more opportunities she has of displaying them, appeared to much advantage as Lydia, and gave two songs of very opposite character—an Italian air and a Scotch ballad, (arranged by herself,) with great effect; in the latter, she combined the flights of science with simple melody so harmoniously, as to prove how well and

how deeply she has studied. The other characters were admirably sustained; and the piece was received with great applause, and has been repeated every evening.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—*Fair Gabrielle*, a very charming little piece; *Gretna Green*, full of wit, bustle, and variety; and *Gil Blas*, in which all the attractions of the pieces are condensed into a reasonable space, continue to draw good houses, and to be received with abundant applause.

Literature and Science.

The *Monthly Magazine* contains a description of an ingeniously constructed steam carriage, by Mr. Griffiths:—The inventor has been assisted by the eminent mechanicians, Bramah and Artzberger. The structure is altogether in length twenty-seven feet, of which seven are occupied by the boiler and apparatus for motion. The steam is formed in heated tubes, one inch and-a-half to three inches in diameter, and no more water is introduced to them at a time than what is immediately wanted. These tubes supersede the common large boiler. The reservoir of water will serve for at least eight hours. The safety valves are calculated for fifty pounds the square inch, while the whole apparatus has been proved at 200 pounds. The steam from the safety valves and the cylinders is condensed in flat copper tubes, and reconducted to the reservoir. The apparatus is ingeniously suspended, so as to be unhurt by the motion of the wheels. The whole is so constructed, that the horizontal position will be preserved, severe shocks avoided, and the outer wheels enabled to make, in turning the carriage, a larger segment than the inner. The carriage may be made to stop or retrograde at the wish of the conductor, who sits in front, and, by means of a bevel pinion, directs the carriage. There are two rates of velocity, by means of pinions of different diameters. On ground tolerably level, the velocity will be five miles and an eighth an hour. When the acclivity is considerable, it will be reduced to something above two miles an hour; and, on going down hill, it will be controlled by a mechanical pressure upon the wheels. The weight of the carriage, including apparatus, water, and fuel, will be only a ton and a half. It will carry three tons of merchandize and passengers. With this load it is expected to go at the rate of five miles

an hour, or one hundred miles in twenty hours, on ordinary roads. Should it succeed, it will be the greatest triumph ever gained in mechanics, and be invaluable to commerce and agriculture.

An apparatus has been invented at Glasgow, for the manufacture of any mineral water requiring to be charged with carbonic acid gas, which amounts, in fact, to the developement of a power hitherto unknown, but equal to that of steam. This machine is described as having neither gasometer nor air-pump, yet the strength of a boy is ascertained to be capable of compressing into any vessel from thirty to forty atmospheres, as gas, in a few minutes; while to effect the same with a forcing pump would occupy the strength of several men as many hours. A machine equal in force to an engine of 40-horse power, and requiring neither fire nor water, would not occupy a space of more than four feet square. In many purposes it may be more applicable than steam.

Advertisements.

NOTICE TO SCHOOLS.

CLARK's NEW GENERAL SCHOOL ATLAS, which, for Clearness, Accuracy, and Cheapness, cannot be equalled by any other now extant, is just published at the School Library, 73, St. Paul's; containing THIRTY MAPS, both ANCIENT and MODERN, neatly coloured, bound in Royal Quarto, price 12s.; the same, uncoloured, 8s. 6d.; and bound in Royal Octavo, coloured, 10s. 6d.; plain, 7s.

* * * THIRTY OUTLINE MAPS, corresponding with the above, may be had together or separately, 4d. each. Any of the Finished Maps; printed on extra large paper, may also be had separately, at 6d. each, coloured.

KILTS AND PHILIBEGS!!!

This day is published, in demy octavo, price One Shilling, with a coloured Plate, etched by Mr. G. Cruikshank,

THE NORTHERN EXCURSION of GEORDIE, Emperor of Gotham; and Sir Willie Curt-his, the Court Buffoon, &c. &c.; a Serio, Tragico, Comico, Ludico, Aquatico, Burlesque Gallimaufry; interspersed with humorous Glees, sporting Catches, and rum Chaunts, by the male and female characters of the piece.

Published by JOHN FAIRBURN, Broadway, Ludgate Hill; where may be had,

FAIRBURN'S GENUINE EDITION of the DEATH-BED CONFESSIONS of the late Countess of Guernsey to Lady Anne H*****; developing a series of Mysterious Transactions connected with the most Illustrious Personages in the Kingdom: to which are added, the Q——'s last Letter to the K——, written a few days before her M——'s Death, and other Authentic Documents, never before published. ‘I am the Viper that has been secretly wounding you both.’—Vide the Countess’s Narrative.

Advertisements.

REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

This day was published, in one thick Volume, 8vo. illustrated with a Map of Andalusia and the Island of Leon, price 18s. in boards, **AN HISTORICAL REVIEW** of the SPANISH REVOLUTION, including an Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature in Spain.

By EDWARD BLAQUIERE, Esq. Author of ‘Letters from the Mediterranean,’ &c.

‘It is impossible to peruse this Volume without feelings of the most affecting and irresistible nature. The proudest deed to which a human being can aspire, is to put his hand to such a work as this; and, in the belief that Mr. Blaquiere’s labours are calculated materially to promote its success, we congratulate him on the devotion of his time and thoughts to so noble an object.’—Monthly Magazine, September, 1822.

Printed for G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane.

ROYAL CORRESPONDENCE!!!

The important Correspondence that has passed between HER LATE MAJESTY and the Princess CHARLOTTE from the period of the Queen’s advised Exile from this Country, to the death of her lamented Daughter, *never yet published*, will appear in BELL’S LIFE IN LONDON and SPORTING CHRONICLE (price 7d.) commencing on Sunday next, September 15th.—Orders received for BELL’S LIFE IN LONDON, at the Office, 194, Strand, and by all News-men and Post-masters throughout the Kingdom.

N. B. The Death-bed CONFESSIONS of the late Countess of Guernsey and other authentic Documents connected with them, (3rd Edition, 12mo. price 1s. 6d.) are published *only as above*, by W. R. Macdonald.—All other Publications of this Work are imperfect Piracies.

MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY,
FROM MR. CHANTREY’S BUST.

THE PROPRIETOR of the LADY’S MAGAZINE regrets that the sudden and serious indisposition of his Engraver prevented his completing, in time, the Portrait, which he intended to present to the Public this month, of the MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY. The Friends of that distinguished Nobleman, and his Subscribers, may, however, rest assured, that it will be given with the Magazine for October 1, and that this unforeseen delay will stimulate the Artist to the production of an Engraving worthy of the subject. This number will also be embellished with the third Engraving of a series of Illustrations of MOORE’S LALLA ROOKH, from Paintings by R. SMIRKE, Esq. R. A.; a View of Fonthill Abbey, &c. Sept. 1, 1822.

London: Printed for S. Hamilton; sold by J. Andrews, Old Bond Street; J. Miller, Fleet Street; S. Robinson, Paternoster Row; J. Anderson, jun. Edinburgh; Hempson, Dublin; Galignani, Paris; Ewbank, Brussels; and by all the Booksellers of the United Kingdom.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications ‘for the Editor’ (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul’s Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers’ Hall Court; H and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davison. 12d. Boswell Court, Carey Street.—Published in New York by Mr. Seaman.